

You're More Than A Role Model, You're My Brother

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29546976) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29546976>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Dave Technoblade , Toby Smith Tubbo , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Trans TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Periods , Gender Dysphoria , Wilbur Techno and Tommy are brothers, not by blood but who cares , Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , One-Shot , Tubbo is the greatest friend , Family Dynamics , DREAM IS GOOD IN THIS, I'M SO TIRED OF READING VILLAIN DREAM , MY BOY IS PRECIOUS , Trans Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Big Brother Dream in the house , Although he's Tubbo's brother , The Dream/George is mentioned like once and is only implied , like blink and you'll miss it
Language:	English
Collections:	DSMP fic recs
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-19 Words: 1220

You're More Than A Role Model, You're My Brother

by [BewitchingNotes](#)

Summary

Things were great, living with Techno and Wilbur. It was fun, goofy, and Tommy got to be the annoying little brother.

Except that this was his first period in his new household, and he didn't know what to do about it.

Notes

Big brother Dream is everything.

Also I would've included Phil, I just don't know how to write him cause I never watch him so...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When he wakes up the white sheets he'd been sleeping on have a big red stain on them.

At first, it had startled Tommy, and he couldn't figure out what on earth had happened. But then, it hit him like a truck.

He'd started his period. And dirtied the sheets.

This was going to throw everything off. He'd completely forgotten about it, with everything that had been going on, between getting out of his old home and moving in with Phil and the others, he didn't even have time to buy pads or anything!

Which meant having no real way to hide this. Others were going to notice the blood at some point, it felt unavoidable.

But despite that, Tommy would still try to avoid it.

The knock on his door nearly made his soul leave his body. He tossed the blanket over himself. "C-Come in!"

Wilbur entered, phone in hand. "Hey are you comin' down for breakfast? What are you doing?" He questioned, noticing the other sitting up in bed.

Tommy gave him a shit eating grin. "Oh you know, just trying to jack off, but now you've killed the mood!"

"The fuck man?" Wilbur chuckled. "Hurry up and get ready, Tubbo and Dream are coming over soon remember?"

Fuck. He had completely forgotten they were coming over to hang out. Honestly all Tommy wanted to do was lay in bed and pretend he wasn't bleeding out from a part of his body he wished didn't exist.

"I'm comin' just need to change." Tommy explained, to which Wilbur gave a quick nod and left the room.

It wasn't like his new family was unaware he was trans, they all knew, hell, Techno bought him binders, like, really good quality binders. But there was still that underlying dread, that fear of how they'd react.

What if they thought it was disgusting? Or yelled at him for messing up the sheets? Or teased him and called him a girl? Tommy couldn't stand the idea of any of those scenarios happening.

So, he went to the bathroom, put some toilet paper in his underwear as a substitute and hoped it'd get him through the day.

"Oh come on!" Wilbur threw his controller when he died in Smash Brothers. The only two left in were Dream and Techo, which wasn't that unusual.

Tubbo grinned. "You got this Dream!"

"Pfft, yeah right, the day Dream wins against me is the day I don't dye my hair pink." Techno informed them.

Dream rolled his eyes and focused on the screen, not bothering to respond to the taunt.

Meanwhile, Tommy was sitting very uncomfortably on the couch, a look of irritation sprawled on his face.

The thing is, he wasn't actually mad, but he was in pain. The cramps were growing worse and worse with every passing moment and he was finding it hard to focus.

"Tommy? You okay?" Tubbo asked him kindly, since he was sat next to him, he noticed right away.

"Huh? Oh yeah I'm good." He mumbled, trying to hold back a wince as a particularly sharp cramp hit him.

Tubbo nodded. "Alright, so, who you think's gonna take it?" He asked, gesturing to the game.

Tommy snorted. "Oh c'mon, Techno obviously."

"You only say that cause he's your brother." Tubbo pouted, sticking his tongue out.

"You're voting for Dream." Tommy smirked.

Tubbo huffed. "It's different, Dream's better!"

"NOOO!" They turned to see Dream's character fall. Techno had won.

Techno smirked victoriously. "Haha."

"Oh shut up." Dream grumbled, shoving him a little. "That was stupid."

Tommy snickered a little, but his snickers faded when he realized he could feel the blood soaking around much clearer. He must have soaked through the toilet paper. "I'll be back." He stood up abruptly and ran to the bathroom.

Tommy grunted in annoyance as he saw the blood soaked through not only the toilet paper, but even left a stain on his jeans, it was small, but there. He began gathering more toilet paper to refresh it.

But then, there was a knock on the door. "Tommy?" It was Dream.

"What is it?" He called.

"Errr, you okay?"

"Yeah, just going to the bathroom." Tommy snorted.

For a moment, Dream was silent, but then his next words made Tommy freeze in his tracks. "Tommy there was blood on the couch."

Shit.

He had soaked through onto the couch.

Tommy felt a huge wave of fear and panic. Had they all noticed it? Probably. Which meant the moment he left the bathroom he was going to see their disapproving stares. God, he was gonna

have to buy a new couch for them, since he ruined this one-

Dream's voice cut through his thoughts. "Tommy let me in, please."

There was a gentleness to Dream's voice that surprised him. Hesitantly, Tommy pulled his jeans back on and reluctantly opened the door.

Dream slipped in and shut the door before sighing, he dug his hands into his hoodie.

"Look, I-I know this looks bad but I'm gonna replace the couch so, so just, just tell them I'm sorry alright? I didn't mean to ruin the cushion and-" Tommy rambled, but he cut himself off when Dream handed him a pad.

He stared at the older boy in disbelief. Dream sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "I carry them in case I get a surprise. I...get it you know, how hard it is."

Tommy's mouth fell open slightly, he went to speak but Dream beat him to it.

"It's hard enough dealing with all the hellish thoughts in your head, the last thing you need is to try and hide this from people, trust me, when I finally told George, things got a lot easier. I'm just saying, your brothers are there to help you." Dream explained before heading out of the bathroom.

Tommy stared down at the pad in thought.

"So uh, you probably noticed but I'm sorta on my period." Tommy explained awkwardly when he left the bathroom. "And I kinda ruined the cushion, and my sheets."

He was terrified. Terrified of how angry they'd be. But, to his surprise, they only had looks of sympathy.

"Jeez, I wish you had said something Tommy, I'd have gone to the store and gotten you whatever you needed." Wilbur told him sadly.

"A-Are you in pain? Do you need meds?" Techno questioned awkwardly.

Tommy couldn't help the tears bubbling in his eyes. They weren't mad. They were even concerned!

"Ahh don't cry, what can I do?!" Wilbur panicked, eyes wide with concern.

Tubbo, being the angel he is, just placed a gentle hand on Tommy's shoulder and spoke up kindly for him. "I think he's just happy you guys aren't mad."

"What about the couch and sheets? Tommy, we can always replace those things, or clean them." Techno insisted.

Tommy grinned tearfully. "Thanks guys, you really are the best brothers. And uh, since you mentioned it, meds would be lovely."

"On it." Wilbur ran to get meds.

"I'll clean up the sheets, and cushion, don't worry about it." Techno insisted and left to do just that.

Dream grinned. "Told you."

Tommy could only beam back at him. Dream might not be a part of their wacky family, but he was

still another great big brother to him.

End Notes

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